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the long lasting memory of a childhood...

"Ella"

Ella, eli, e..

flying after this name

following the time

in the void

………….

what about the future

hope about to- do not forget

born in the same creation

the world

is-was always the same.

Yes I remember.

We can not fly against the light

which is the life's sky

much to high

is.

The beauty's grace

always

mirroring your face

eyes

your hopes

to the last day.

That summer

sunny fields

winds without end

that beginning

used to flow

tears

my very home.

I know so little

when angels will come

but all prayers

will grieve us

never leave us.

Youth's summer days

are not gone

whispering

day after day long memories

long song of life.

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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